Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectaion of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eies of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſt of ſwetnes, whereof a little,

More then a little, is by much to
So when he had occaſion to be ſe
He was, but as the Cuckow is in
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but
As ſicke and blunted with comm
Afford no extraordinarie gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maie
When it ſhines ſeldome in admi
But rather drowzd, and hung the
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuc
As cloudy men vſe to doe to thei
Being with his preſence, glutted,
And in that very line, *Harry* ſtan
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely
with vile participation, Not an ey
But is a weary of thy common fig
Saue mine, which hath deſired to
Which now doth that I would n
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh te
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thri
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For al
As thou art to this howre, was *Ri*
When I from *France* ſet foot at *R*
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* n
Now by my ſcepter and my ſoule
He hath more worthy intereſt to
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſ
For of no right nor colour like to
He doth fill fieldes with Harnes in
Turns head againſt the Lyons ar
And being no more indebt to yea
Leadſt ancient Lords, and reuerer
To bloody battels, and to bruſing
What neuer dying honor hath h
Againſt renowned *Dowglas?* whoſ
Whoſe hot incurſions and great
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe m
And military title capitall,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C